

Hopkins organized our society. We have forty-one members. Nancy Sutton is our president and Dora Grandstaff, our secretary. We have a good Sunday-school and always have a good attendance. I have missed only two Sundays since April. Dora Cunningham is my teacher. If I see this in print I will write again.

EDDIE MILLER.

Loree, Ind.

Dear Editor:—I will write a few lines for the children's column. This is my first attempt. I am eleven years old. I have five brothers and one sister. My father and mother and one brother belong to the Brethren Church. Brother Geo. A. Copp preaches for us. I have been going to school until I took the measles and then I missed some. I will give ten cents for Chicago. My father sent a box of provisions to the Washington Mission. I will answer Willie Fogle's question. Jesus blesses little children like you and me.

Mt. Olive, Va. J. HENRY HOCKMAN.

Dear Editor:—I am a little girl twelve years old. I go to S. S. every Sunday. My teacher is Laura Heagler. Our pastor is J. M. Tombaugh. He is a splendid preacher. We have a K. C. Society which meets every Sunday evening. We had a very good meeting here this winter. Eleven precious souls came to the Savior. Brother McFaden held a good meeting here a year ago. I think he is a good man and will do much good work in Chicago. My parents and sister and brother and myself belong to the Brethren Church. I will close with a question. Who wrote the book of Ecclesiastes?

BERTHA THARP.

Fairview, Ohio.

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter for your paper. I am six years old. I go to school. E. E. Jacobs is my teacher. He has twenty-one pupils. Sometimes I have to stand on the floor in school but I don't boo, hoo about it. I must close now.

RALPH. W. MYERS.

(Little boys should be good in school, and then they will not have to stand on the floor. But when they do have to, crying will surely not help the matter.—ED.)

Dear Editor:—Enclosed find ten cents for the Chicago Mission. I am not a member of the King's Children Society, but want to send my mite anyway and hope it will be accepted. Am a member of the S. S. C. E., but can not do very much work. I go to school. The Sister's are very busy, sewing, making rugs, etc. They nearly always meet at my grandma's, and have a good time if they do work hard. My aunt Sadie is president. We are trying to pay our church debt. Brother Welty was here over Sunday and preached a good sermon. Will answer Mary Musser's question. The Apostle Paul's name was changed when he was converted. His name was Saul before his conversion. Will ask a question. How long was Noah building the ark?

Listie, Pa.

CARRIE E. TRENT.

(Thank you for your dime. We are sure that it will help in the good work.—ED.)

Dear Editor:—I will try and write another letter to the EVANGELIST, I wrote one letter a long time ago. My father and mother belong to the Brethren Church. We do not have any Sunday-school because our church was taken away by the cyclone. It was a nice little church. Brother

McFaden was our pastor, but he was called to Chicago to do mission work. I hope Brother McFaden is doing good work there. I miss Sunday school very much. If the roads were not so muddy we would attend up at Falls City, where Brother Keller is preaching. I hope he is doing good work in Falls City. I am eleven years old. I go to school every day that I can. I will close for this time. Enclosed find ten cents for Chicago Mission. I will answer Pearl Kelle's question. It was Elijah. I will close by asking a question. What was the name of Adam's first child?

CLYDE E. R. WALLACE.

Hamlin Kans.

Dear Editor:—I will write and tell you what we are doing. We have church every third Sunday by Eld. J. Swihart. He has just closed a protracted meeting with five accessions. We have Sunday-school every Sunday morning with about forty scholars. My father is superintendent, and my teacher's name is Mrs. Ella Kelsey. We have K. C. every Sunday evening, with R. A. Kelsey president, and with a good membership and good interest. I go to school every day, and I am in the sixth year. I would like to read more letters in the EVANGELIST from the children. We live about a mile from the church and we are there about every Sunday. I will answer Inez Fisher's question. Psalms is the longest book in the Bible. I will ask a question. Who presided over the seven churches of Western Asia after Paul's martyrdom? Please find enclosed ten cents for the Chicago Mission.

WALTER BARNHART.

Twelve Mile, Ind.

Dear Little Brothers and Sisters:—So many nice little letters in the EVANGELIST tempted me to write too. How we do enjoy them. And how nice of the Editor to have a little corner in his paper all our own. We always read children's page first. The "Chicago letter," how sorry we feel for the poor little half starved boys and girls in the city, and to show that we feel it, little sister Mary and I will each send 20 cents for the Mission, also a dime from little cousin Hazel Kelso. Brother McFaden was our pastor for four years and we miss him very much now. Hoping that Brother McFaden can have his baptistry, I will close.

MARY AND BERTHA WEIMER.

Dear Editor:—I live in the country. I go to Sunday-school and church every Sunday. I attend King's Children. Our church is called Enon Chapel. Our Seniors are going to have a social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eli Hoover. We Juniors expect to have one soon.

WALTER H. BALDENECKER.

Waterloo, Ia.

THE BANK LOUIS WANTED.

"Mamma, you know the bank cousin Tom gave me to keep my pennies in?"

"Yes, Louis."

"Well, I wish I had a bank big enough to hold myself—one with a spring fastening to the door, where I could go and be fastened away from everybody when I am cross and where I could stay until I could be sweet-tempered again."

"Why do you wish that, Louis?"

"In there I should not do anything to be sorry for afterward. I should not hurt any one's feelings by saying unkind things

which really I never mean, you know, or by doing unkind things which I never do except when I am cross or angry."

"Won't your little bedroom answer the purpose?"

"No, mamma, because some one is always sure to come, and as I cannot fasten the door, it makes me crosser than ever."

"I think, Louis, the wrong lies in being cross and getting angry. The actions that follow are only the consequences of the anger. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Well, Louis, I'm not sure that being by yourself would cure you of your fault; it might save you and others from the consequences of it, which would, of course, be a great deal, and if you would like to try it, I will see that you have a lock on your door; but would you not like better to be able to keep sweet-tempered or to quickly become so?"

"O, yes, mamma, but I've tried and tried. I've shut my lips tight and counted ten before I spoke, and—a great many things."

"Have you ever tried looking to God in your heart and asking silently his help?"

"No, mamma."

"Well, dear, here is a little prayer you may learn, or you may say something in your own words when you feel those cross and angry feelings coming over you: Dear heavenly Father, give me a heart of love for everybody, and help me to forget myself, and to want to do others good and to make them happy. For Christ's sake. Amen. There is no bank or vault so safe a resting place as is the love of God, and, dear, no one is helpless who earnestly asks him for help."—*New York Observer.*

IN THE TYPE CASES.

O Printer-Man, say,
What are hidden away
In these boxes, so many and queer?
To send us you're able
Song, story and fable:
O, say! do you keep them in here?
These black little tricks
Shaped like broken toothpicks
Have a queer little face on one end;
Are they fairies or witches?
And oh! tell me which is
Which, and which isn't, my friend.
There are wonderful books
Hid away in these nooks,
Long waiting for some one to find;
There are thoughts the most grand,
There are smiles the most bland.
If the sticks be but rightly combined.
When a wizard his wand
Waves over the band,
They start into line and they tell
Things lively and sad,
Good, indifferent and bad—
Songs, stories and sermons as well.
Would mine were the skill
To wave magic at will,
And strike song from each silent key;
To pick from the cases
The little imp faces
That would best spell my poem for me.

—*Idie.*